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# THE MEMORIAL ART GALLERY

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

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*Catalogue of Paintings by*  
CARL J. NORDELL  
GUSTAVE WIEGAND  
GERRIT A. BENEKER  
*and* OSCAR H. GIEBERICH

*Wood Carvings by* CHARLES O. HAAG

*Textiles by* SOFIA HAAG

*Flower Panels by* MABEL KEY

*Lithographs of American War Work by*  
JOSEPH PENNELL

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DECEMBER  
Nineteen Hundred Seventeen

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PAINTINGS BY  
CARL J. NORDELL  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



1. The Listeners
2. Choosing the Gift
3. The Seamstress
4. In the Arbor
5. The Guest
6. Angela O'Leary
7. Reflective Mood
8. A Sister of the Flowers
9. Self-portrait
10. Takes Time to Reflect
11. "Elinore"
12. A Touch of Turquoise
13. Still-life
14. Still-life
15. Portrait of Mrs. N.
16. A State of Consciousness
17. Child in Blue Dress
18. Long, Long Thoughts
19. The Dreamer

PAINTINGS BY  
GUSTAVE WIEGAND  
NEW YORK CITY



20. Winter Sunset
21. The Belated Shepherd  
(Bronze Medal, St. Louis Exposition, 1904)
22. The Giant, Keene Valley
23. Autumn Woods
24. A Shower of Silver
25. Blue Mountain Slopes in Spring
26. 40° Below Zero
27. Summer Breezes, Blue Mountain Lake
28. Blue Mountain Meadows
29. An Autumn Inspiration

PAINTINGS BY  
GERRIT A. BENEKER  
PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS



30. The End of the Story
31. The Old Wharf in a Gale
32. Fair Weather
33. A Blue Day
34. Provincetown Boats

PAINTINGS BY  
OSCAR H. GIEBERICH  
PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS



35. Moonlight
36. A Winter Catch
37. Low Tide
38. A Midwinter Sunday
39. September Clouds
40. Snow-mantled

FLOWER PANELS IN WATER COLOR BY  
MABEL KEY  
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



41. Azaleas and Cinerarias
42. Lilies and Hydrangeas
43. Our National Colors
44. Pink Peonies
45. White Poppies
46. Oriental Poppies
47. The Hydrangea Motif
48. Orchids
49. A Decorative Motif
50. A Statement of Color Values
51. Larkspur and Peonies
52. The Pink Orchid
53. Hollyhocks
54. The Larkspur
55. A Grey Day in the Greenhouse
56. "Consider the Lilies"
57. Phlox
58. Salvia
59. The Geranium Motif
60. Begonias
61. The Azalea's "Good Morning"



# WOOD CARVINGS BY CHARLES O. HAAG



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 62. The Holy Spirit in the Woods, <i>mahogany</i> | 77. The Knag, <i>cherry</i>            |
| 63. Dense Wood, <i>walnut</i>                     | 78. The Hollow Tree, <i>mahogany</i>   |
| 64. Evolution, <i>oak</i>                         | 79. The Mushroom, <i>pine</i>          |
| 65. Bound Strength, <i>oak</i>                    | 80. Young Tree (Woman), <i>oak</i>     |
| 66. The Oak Father, <i>oak</i>                    | 81. Gnome, <i>mahogany</i>             |
| 67. Mystery of Nature, <i>oak</i>                 | 82. Weeping Willow, <i>willow</i>      |
| 68. Dying Chestnut, <i>chestnut</i>               | 83. Climbing Vines, <i>white wood</i>  |
| 69. The Oak's Song, <i>oak</i>                    | 84. Bound to Earth, <i>mahogany</i>    |
| 70. Struggle of Nature, <i>walnut</i>             | 85. Young Tree in the Wind, <i>oak</i> |
| 71. Old Apple Tree, <i>applewood</i>              | 86. Sugar Maple, <i>maple</i>          |
| 72. Branches, <i>mahogany</i>                     | 87. Forest Guardian, <i>cherry</i>     |
| 73. The Twin Oak, <i>oak</i>                      |  |
| 74. The Moss, <i>chestnut</i>                     |  |
| 75. Walnut Tree, <i>walnut</i>                    |  |
| 76. Live Oak, <i>oak</i>                          |  |

# TEXTILES BY SOFIA HAAG



## *Embroideries on Hand-made Linen*

- |                                   |                       |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 88. Winter Sport                  | 93. The Magpie        |
| 89. 'Thomby Tots' Joy Ride        | 94. Birds and Grass   |
| 90. Ambition—Rest                 | 95. Trees and Rabbits |
| 91. Instinct—Confidence           | 96. Spring and Autumn |
| 92. Embarrassed—Birds and Berries | 97. Night and Day     |
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|                                   | 99. Birds             |

## *Weavings*

100. Spruce in Winter (Design by Charles O. Haag)  
101. A Rainy Day (Shadow portrait of Charles O. Haag)

LITHOGRAPHS OF AMERICAN WAR WORK BY

JOSEPH PENNELL

*Introduction by the Artist*



I HAVE never passed such an interesting, such an exciting, such a varied year in my life—and besides this, I hope I have been able to accomplish something in my work which shall show one phase of the Wonder of the World's Work of to-day. I was honored a year ago by being permitted by the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George to make drawings in the various factories and works and ship yards which were engaged in war work in England; and the records of what I saw were published as lithographs of War Work in England, a previous volume of this series. Now though I do not believe in war, I do not see why some pictorial record of what is being done to carry on the war should not be made—made from an artist's standpoint.

When my work in England, or as much of it as I was allowed to do, was finished and exhibited, I was invited by the French Minister of Munitions, M. Albert Thomas, to visit and make studies of similar subjects in that country. Owing to a combination of unfortunate circumstances, though I went to France once during the summer of the year, I was unable to get anything of importance. This was my fault or my misfortune; I failed, and the memory of my failure will haunt me and be a cause of regret to me all my life, unless I am able to wipe out my failure in another visit to France. But though I failed to make any drawings, any records of the subjects I was so freely shown, I was shown on my two visits many objects which were supremely interesting; and could I have drawn them, had I been able to do so, would have been worth doing. Not only this, I was taken to the front—which was not, what I saw, picturesque, from my point of view—and I was also taken to see some of those ports of France which have been

fought over, some of the towns which have been destroyed and some of the land which is desolate. Then I came home, and on my arrival I was authorized to make records similar to those I had made in England, and had failed to make in France. What I have done in the United States is shown on these walls.

I have had more opportunities of seeing what is being done in war work in England, France and the United States than any one else, and in a fashion what no one else has been permitted to see—war in the making. Yet I do not do these drawings with any idea of helping to win the war; but because for years I have been at work, from my earliest drawings, trying to record the wonder of work; and work never was so wonderful as it is to-day; and never had any one such facilities, such aid, such encouragement given him to record its wonder, and by the governments of the three great countries which are engaged in this incredibly horrible war.

Not only have I seen the Wonder of Work in these three lands to-day, but before the war I saw it in Belgium, Germany and Italy. I have drawn it everywhere, save in Luxembourg; and there, too, have I seen it; but made no drawings, for it was so easy to get to that land, and so that country was put off for a more convenient season, a season which I fear will never come again. I am not going to make comparisons, but I am going to say that the Wonder of Work is more wonderful in the United States than anywhere else in the world to-day. True, we are not working with that unbelievable energy which the French and English—yes, the English have put at last into their work; but we do as much more, with so much less appearance of work. In Europe the war worker works all day and every day in the year. Here most of the great industrial works have only added war work to their peace work; in Europe scarce anything else but war work is being done.

It is the working of the great machinery in the great mills which I find so inspiring—so impressive—for the mills are shrines of war, though the churches try to rival them. But the mills are the modern temples, and in them and not in the churches, do the people worship. And if only

the engines turned out more engines of peace, how much better would the world be; but everything made in a war factory is made to destroy and to be destroyed. But war work in America is the most wonderful work in the world, and that is the reason why I have drawn some of the work I have seen—seen in these endless looms of time, where history is being woven; and I have also seen the aeroplanes and the camps and the ship yards, and all are amazing.

I want to thank the Secretaries of the Navy and of War—Mr. Daniels and Mr. Baker—Mr. Creel and the other members of the Staff of the Committee on Public Information, and the various heads of the various Departments of the Army and Navy, who stood my pestering and querying and obtained for me permission to visit every industrial establishment I wanted—save one—naturally, that was in my own city. And above all I wish to thank the man who made the whole work possible, Dr. F. K. Keppel. I should like to thank and mention by name the various officials, government and civilian, who gave me every facility to see and to draw everything I wished; but we are at war, and I am not permitted to say where these drawings were made; and if I mentioned the names of some of the directors of these works, the places in which I made the drawings would be known. As it is, I imagine many of them are pretty well known already, but the work that is being done in them deserves to be known and shown to the people, and this is the reason why I made the drawings.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

## LIST OF TITLES

*With explanatory notes by the artist*



## 1. THE TRANSPORTS

The spoils of war, for what had been great traders were now to be great troop ships—and with their transformation what an awful change has come to our world.

## 2. THE LITTLE MEN OF THE BIG HAMMER

One seated on high worked the hammer; fast or slow, light or heavy were its blows as he wished. Two beneath turned the big shell, as it lay in its bed between and was pounded into shape, and every time the hammer fell, a pillar of fire and a cloud of steam arose, and through all and over all were the crane men in their pulpits whistling and shouting and signaling, moving back and forth, silhouetted against the lights, lost in the shadows. And in this shop as red-hot shells flew about or rolled about singly or by dozens one said to me: "Now then, Cap, in this here shop, ye jes got ter look six ways for Sunday, that there crane man's all right, but might forget youse was under, and if that claw give yer a pat why yuse ud have a week off in the horspittle."

### 3. BUILDING THE BATTLE SHIP

Inside the huge shed where she was built and launched, she lay again getting her finishing touches, or rather those that could be given her; her masts were too big to finish, her turrets were being fitted and her turbines put in, and soon she would begin her life of terror and horror.

#### 4. MAKING PROPELLER BLADES

Blue in the shadows and such blue, gold in the light and such gold, were those blades in this great shop; and as I worked the engine steamed in and carried one off to fit in the ship standing in the dock just outside.

## 5. UNDER THE SHED

It seemed as though this yard was built for me, and if it was not that I found it so practical, I should have thought it only pictorial.

But in the shed in rows, in piles, in layers, lay every part of the ship ready to fit together, all in order. As I drew boats and boilers came out of the shop and went to their places on board.

## 6. THE KEEL

The shipyards are endless and their forms are endless and ever new; but I never before found one where from the water I could look down on the ship as it grew, as it did here, amid its forests, its walls, which the ship in turn would soon tower over.

## 7. UNLOADING ORE

When the great ore boats arrive "somewhere" they draw up at a crane covered dock and almost as fast as they are loaded they are emptied; and the ore is in the furnaces and they steam away.

## 8. BUILDING SUBMARINE CHASERS

All round the big ship the little boats grew and gathered, being built out-of-doors anywhere near the water into which the crane swung them as soon as they were finished. And it is like this they are being built all over the country.

## 9. IN THE LAND OF BROBINAG: THE ARMOR PLATE BENDING PRESS

Only Swift ever imagined and Gulliver ever saw presses and ladles and chains and cranes like these; but I have seen them, and there is no imagination in my study of the press or the ladle. A press so powerful it will slowly bend the thickest plate. A ladle so big the men were lost in it.

## 10. IN THE DRY DOCK

These are the things that tower, that shine, whose power is terrible; but their smile does not make glad.

The officer said he could not see the ship like that; "Don't you wish you could?" was the only answer I could think of.

## 11. THE ARMOR PLATE PRESS

The English maker rolls rapidly his armor plate in heat and smoke and flame. The American slowly presses it; but with a press so powerful it will crush the huge ingot, so sensitive it will not break a watch crystal placed under it.

## 12. THE ANTS

She came into the dry dock "at an Atlantic port." The water was pumped out, ropes were dropped over the side; and when the water was out, men at the bottom of the locks fastened planks to the ropes, and the crew with buckets of paint and brushes long, little, short and big, swarmed over the sides, and fell with the paint upon the ship; and while I stared and tried to draw, she was painted both sides of her, and her propellers were polished like gold, by the ants—only ants don't work like that, only American sailors, and a few weeks before many of them had never seen a big ship.

## 13. THE PROW

"Very pretty drawing," said the Admiral when I showed him this leering, staring, slobbering monster, the spirit of war, a creation of our time and our country. It fascinates and is untellable.

## 14. THE BIRDS OF WAR

Like birds and they are birds, the planes chase each other around the field; now they soar, then they dive, in the sun they glitter, in the shadows they disappear. And far and near, high and low, they rise, they soar, they plunge; and then they skim feeling for the ground, and then they come to rest upon it, the Birds of War.

## 15. THE WHITE AND THE BLACK HAMMERS

"The biggest hammer in the world," said the foreman—maybe—any way the shop was amongst the most pictorial of all those I have drawn devoted to shell making.

"Say, Friend," said the workman. "Won't they let yer use a machine in war time, is that why youse does it by hand?"

## 16. FORGING SHELLS: THE SLAVES OF THE WHEEL

No composition could be finer, no movement more expressive, no grouping more perfect; and yet all this was happening every day, and all day, in an oily, dirty, greasy, smoky shell factory where no artist had ever worked before. And the workmen, black men, were merely turning the big shell, under the big hammer, by the big capstain wheel that held it. And I noted in the shop that the black men saw more in my drawings than the white; yet there's only one black painter in the country so far as I know.

## 17. THE LARKS

"Hark, Hark, the Lark," this one sings a song, too, all his own, as he soars up to greet the coming sun, then away to battle or to train for it—Our Lark.

## 18. THE BOAT BUILDERS

"I am jus' real proud of this hull shop, I'm just certain jack proud of it," said the foreman, and what could be more graceful than the lines of these wooden boats he was building—all the boats of battleships seem made of wood—and how beautiful are their lines, the result of tradition. The boat builder is no cubist, as he works out his drawings on the floor of the shop, and so the result is strength and beauty.

## 19. THE RIVETERS

What Perpendicular Cathedral is as full of mystery as this shop. I know of none and I know most of them; and when the fires glow on the work altar, and the great jaws pierce and rivet the boiler plates it resounds with the Hymn of Labor.

## 20. THE GUN PITS: TEMPERING GUNS

These pits which I have drawn in Europe and America have the greatest individuality of all the processes of war industry. The buildings are most impressive, towering, windowless, sombre without, mysterious within, filled with strong shadows and strange shapes.

And as I looked out from the blackness to the ore crane, making new ranges of Alps on its hillside, I wanted a gun to draw—or rather wanted to know how it was moved.

"Why, bring him one," said the manager—and it came, sixty feet long and posed while I drew, and was such a good "sitter." And so I find my studio and my models wherever I work; but not often a model who poses so well and so quietly.

## 21. THE OLD HANGAR

All the inventor's past life hung from the roof, successes and failures, trials and tribulations; and this old hangar like an old barn was worth drawing. Doubtless the new hangars are better suited to their purpose, but they are most unpicturesque and so will all the world be, too, before long. What could be more unpicturesque than the modern soldier, more ridiculous than the modern sailor or the modern camp?

## 22. MAKING RIFLES

Gallery after gallery is like this in the great building, all filled with tiny men working at tiny machines to make the tiny guns they fight with; and over them hangs the flag of the country, put there, the director told me, not by the management, but by the men.

## 23. HYDROPLANES: AT REST ON THE BEACH

Why do they remind one of Greek warriors with their proud helmets? I do not know, but they do. I suppose—in fact it is—because the line of the rudder is that of the crest of a helmet. Did the aeroplane builder steal, borrow, invent it? I once invented out of my head and a honeysuckle, another phase of Greek art, but no one would believe me when I said so.

## 24. THE EMBARKATION CAMP: THE CLASSIC GROVE

No, this is not Italy, but America. Another proof that the classical, the romantic landscape is all about; only if it had not been that the Embarkation Camp was by this grove, I never should have seen it.

## 25. BUILDING THE CAMP

All sorts and conditions of machines and of men were at work on it. The steam shovels removing mountains, gutters being dug as big as trenches, buildings going up and trees coming down as far as one could see; and further, the ideal of the man who said to me, as he looked over the tree-falling, town-rising landscape, "Gosh, it's fine! I am a carpenter here, but I never did no carpentering, 'cept I once did help the carpenters to build a house with my pocketbook; but now I am getting six dollars a day and, well as it looks like a shower, I guess I won't pay the doctor ten dollars to cure a cold." So we came away in a Jitney.

## 26. THE CAMP: THE NEW ARCHITECTURE

In the center of the new city is something like a long train of box cars, yet when you see their sides you find they are houses. As you look, they grow; and from a few holes in the ground 'till the building is finished takes about forty-five minutes. They are better built than the English munition towns; but they are unbelievable—those cities of fifty thousand inhabitants built while the army was formed. This drawing is but a bit, to right and to left and behind the town stretched, the embodiment of usefulness, respectability—a triumph of ugliness.



## 27. LAUNCHING THE HYDROPLANES: PUTTING OUT TO SEA

Somewhere at an Aviation Post, every morning early, the aeroplanes start seaward, pushed and coaxed and pulled along like a stubborn mule, and about as beautiful. But once they are up and away, after splashing and floundering clumsily, how calm, how graceful, how serene they are as they move in and out amid the clouds in sunlight and shadow, over the summer ship-decked sea.

## 28. AEROPLANES: AT REST ON THE PLAIN

Why again is there such a swing and life about these lines? Because they are right and strong lines; and when the machines stand about how like they are to great clumsy birds, and when they try to start they are, too; but once they have started how beautiful they are.

## 29. THE BALLOON SHED

I know only of this one "balloon shed" in the country, probably in design it is out of date; but pictorially it is fine.

## 30. BUILDING DESTROYERS

Amid the great ways the little destroyers are built. While the work of building is going on, there seem to be no workmen about; though the noise they make is terrible. The various parts of the ships lie about apparently in confusion, but the crane knows what it wants and where to find it and picks it up and carries it to its proper place. It is only when the men knock off that you see what an army is engaged in ship-building. And it was too funny to be told as I went about that I could not smoke; yet hundreds of drills and riveters are shedding showers of sparks and there is nothing but iron about.

## 31. MAKING A TURBINE ENGINE

This is the finest shop, in which the most impressive work of modern times is done, and it is somewhere in America; and as I worked away after five, one man said, "Wots yer hours, mate?"

## 32. THE BIGGEST LATHE IN THE WORLD

Many of the subjects I have chosen are probably the "biggest in the world" and the most impressive, too, that is the reason why I have drawn them. I have seen great lathes and great guns in Europe, but this one is certainly greater than any other.

"You couldn't do that, Fatty," said the man. "Couldn't I?" said the other. "You bet I could if I had been at it as long as him." It was the second lathe I have drawn.

## 33. SUBMARINES IN PORT

Submarines are practical, but not picturesque. "Why do you draw 'em?" said the usual inquirer; "Why do you make drawings, any way?" "Oh, for fun," says I. "Huh! That's what I thought," says he as he left.

## 34. THE SEASIDE SHIP YARD

I tried to climb on the deck of the vessel in the foreground. Up an oily, greasy, slippery, painty ladder, up to where I hoped my studio would be, for my studio is where I happen to be at work, and it wasn't so easy with two big sketch blocks, and a camp stool, and a T square, in a stiff breeze. "Hol' on, brother!" said a voice below, "I will 'sist you, we ain't so spry as wot we onct was," and I was helped up by an ancient mariner who held my traps till I got on deck and found this composition.

## 35. THE FORGES

How fine are the effects, but one man said as I drew the figure leaning back to rest, "Hully Gee! He's got Creeper all right. Look at his pants!" But the noise is awful and one day as I sat on a bit of boiler, a racket ten times worse than ever before broke out beneath me and I jumped right off, and from the boiler crawled a grimy human, who, putting his hand to his mouth, yelled, "What yer making all that racket fur?"

## 36. SHAPING A GUN FROM AN INGOT

When the ingot comes from the furnace, it is put in this press, deep burned in a pit, and the hot metal is compressed into the shape of a section of a great gun; then it is taken out and bored and planed and finally after about a year of work, the gun is ready to do its work.

## 37. THE COLLIER

This is a freighter and collier and the huge erections on its deck are cranes and derricks, by which other ships are coaled and loaded at sea. The system is not new, but I imagine, many landsmen, like myself until I drew it, have never seen such a creature.

## 38. THE SHELL FACTORY No. 1

When I got there I showed my government letter. "Umph!" said the guard, and the sentinel with his gun was behind him; "You jus' don' come in here ole man on that pass—Gover'ment! The boss is the Gover'ment, I'm the Ajertant! This here's the Lootenant! The Lor' Gawd A'mity won't pass in on that pass!" But the next time I came the guard presented arms. And it's in this wonderful shop that the shells are made for the Allies and ourselves.

## 39. SHELL FACTORY No. 2: FROM SHOP TO SHOP

The contrast between the dark old shop and the bright new one was wonderful.

"Pretty good, Dad," said a precocious apprentice. I suppose they don't mean anything but compliments; still I never fail to lose my temper, then the peacemaker appears. "Don't mind that kid, mate, he dunno no better—he's edurkated." "Say, wot paper's it comin' out in—I'll buy that paper." That was a compliment.

## 40. THE GUN FACTORY

So like a British one that I wonder which one got the idea of arrangement of the shop from the other. Here the guns are turned; and one man said to me: "Well, I don't know whether I'll be drafted by the U. S., but I do know I'd sooner waste my time makin' guns than spend it hearin' 'em shot at me by some Dutchman."

## 41. READY TO START

Dignified, solemn, immense she stood, held to the dock by the great cables; and the great cranes swung great carloads of war work aboard her, as fast as the engines could bring them.

On land she was guarded by marines. In the air the planes were protecting her.

## 42. READY FOR SERVICE AGAIN

Just as retired officers have offered their services again to the country, so these old ships, even more pictorial than the new, are being found places where they can do their "bit."

## 43. THE OLD AND THE NEW

Whether the old wooden ship is finer in line than the new steel monster is more than I can decide, but I do know that both are well worth drawing.

## 44. SUBMARINES IN DRY DOCK

There they lay in long lines—soon to be ready to start on their venturesome voyages.

## 45. BUILDING DESTROYERS No. 2

How the cranes minister to the ships, carrying them the things they want, lowering them gently into the places where they belong, and then hovering over the vessels they are building to see that everything is in its proper place—the cranes do it all—the men who run them are mere details.

## 46. CASTING SHELLS

Slowly the ladle moves, carried by the crane man, steered by the workmen, goggled and gloved—I had no time to draw those details. Into each mould it dropped just enough molten metal to make a shell head. And when all the moulds were filled, a man from another shop dropped in, "Say, what youse up to now?" "Me? I'm makin' shells for the Kaiser." "What! an here!" "Sure," and as a French inspector passed, "Ain't we sending 'em to him as quick as we kin?"

## 47. BUILDING ENGINES FOR THE ALLIES

In serried lines they stood, first one for Russia, then one for France; and on the other side several for ourselves; and I said: "Why, this is Ford's idea!" for the parts came in at the sides of the shop and the finished engine went out at the end. "O, yes!" said the manager, "only we have been doing it twenty years." And now they build a locomotive in four days.

## 48. MAKING WAR LOCOMOTIVES

Big and little they are being turned out, for work in Europe and work at home. War work, and I could not forget that I had seen the same sort of work, on the same sorts of locomotives being done on the Isthmus, only that was for peace—that the locomotives should help to build the Panama Canal, as they did—build the great thing of modern times, a work by which the engineers of this country will be remembered and their memory blessed.

## 49. THE FLYING LOCOMOTIVE

Yes, locomotives can soar, can fly, and, like Mahomet's coffin, stand in the air; and they do these things in a blaze of glory; because the shop where they are built is not big enough to shift them about in any other way. As the engine sailed toward me I tried to make a note of it. "Why, would you like to draw it?" said the manager, as I frantically went on making notes of the approaching monster. "Which end would you like up?" He made a signal (they don't talk in the shops). It stopped and there it hung. "Bring on another," signaled the manager, and so I drew and so the creature posed 'till I had finished, an excellent model in a wonderful studio.

## 50. GUN PIT No. 2

No better proof could be shown of the way each big plant puts big character into its products than this and the previous drawing. Here everything is done deep down under ground; in the other shop it is all above, away up high in the air. And one day, they told me, the president of the company passed with a party; and he saw a man, tired out, sitting with his head in his hands. "Why don't you clean out the pit, boy?" "Well, Sammie, if you want to know why, you go down an' find out for yourself."

## 51. THE GUN TESTING GROUND

Into the rocky cliff great holes had been bored, and the guns mounted on their carriages by the great gantry, were fired, passing through wires mounted on screens, to test their velocity. One thing that interested me, standing behind the guns—interested me too much, really—was that there was no smoke, save that which came out of the hole where the shell exploded. And another fact was that I could not see the shell in its flight, nor can those at whom it is fired—it goes so fast the sound can not keep up with it, and sight can not note it.

## GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

**T**HE object of the Memorial Art Gallery is to further the interests of fine art in the city of Rochester by maintaining exhibitions of pictures and statuary, an art library, and a collection of photographs and prints, which shall be a means both of pleasure and of education for all the citizens of Rochester.

In order that a large number of lovers of art may share in making the Gallery useful and enjoyable for all the citizens, provision has been made in the By-Laws for membership in various classes.

### CLASSES OF MEMBERSHIP

1. **SUPPORTERS.** Persons who shall contribute two hundred and fifty dollars a year toward the maintenance of the Art Gallery.

2. **SUSTAINING MEMBERS.** Persons who shall contribute one hundred dollars a year, or more, but less than two hundred and fifty dollars.

3. **CONTRIBUTING MEMBERS.** Persons who shall contribute twenty-five dollars a year, or more, but less than one hundred dollars.

4. **ANNUAL MEMBERS.** Persons who shall contribute ten dollars a year, or more, but less than twenty-five dollars.

5. **ASSOCIATE MEMBERS.** Any artist, school teacher, or art craftsman actively practicing his profession, may become an Associate Member of the Art Gallery upon payment of five dollars a year.

### PRIVILEGES OF MEMBERS

All members are entitled to free admission to the Gallery at all times that it is open to the public, and to all lectures, receptions and private views that may be conducted by the Directors. They are entitled also to the privilege of drawing books from the library of the Art Gallery.

Supporters and Sustaining Members have the privilege of free admission for members of their families and for visiting friends.

Each Contributing Member shall have the privilege of free admissions for himself and one other member of his family.

### CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

Societies, study clubs, and similar organizations are cordially invited to make full use of the Gallery at all times. No charge will be made for admission to organizations visiting the Gallery in a body. Appointments for such visits should be made in advance.





